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Title: Wispers of the Night

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The story starts on  
the roads North of  
Britain past the  
swamp I was with my  
group and somehow I  
was led off into the  
woods. I walked for a  
long while to try to  
find my way back to  
the main road so that I  
could regroup. I  
finally gave up and set  
camp. I figured I'd be  
lost forever, but then  
right after my fire  
set and my camp was  
secured a weird  
creature of light so  
kind and gentle led me  
to a town beneath rock.  
I was amazed it was  
beautiful made of  
marble and very  
beautiful full of  
people I couldn't  
beleive my eyes what  
I was seeing was  
amazing. I had always  
heard of the place but  
I had never known  
where it was I was at  
wind. The creature  
once again started to  
move and took me into a  
secret room where no  
one was at. I was  
scared yet I was  
excited. The creature  
lifted me into the air I  
was terrified stunned  
and amazed I couldn't  
beleive I was floating  
and I had no clue what  
would happen. I then  
felt a sudden beat  
beneath my feet the  
ground shifted and a  
trap door opened above

below me I fell  
quickly but did not  
land I was on the  
ground but I was not  
hurt. I looked around  
not even able to see my  
hand in the darkness.  
The creature appeared  
again and whispered to  
me how he had become  
what he was. It told  
me that the town  
called Wind was once a  
town full of glorious  
Wizards the best  
there were. It told me  
that because they  
were so powerful  
they created a  
monster. A wizard  
more powerful than  
any other Wizard.  
When the war was  
over he offered them  
their lives for their  
forms they accepted  
because they knew that  
one day he would die.  
But even though the  
wizard would die the  
curse could never be  
broken but by one  
pure of heart. They  
say that this one  
person will not be  
found from glory or  
honor but from  
kindness of his heart.  
I was told this so that I  
would spread the word  
and tell everyone the  
story as I have done  
just now by telling  
you my story. The  
story is never over  
until he is found then  
shall it be that I  
continue to search  
for this one whom is  
pure of heart.